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Equal Laws, Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

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CINCINNATI ILLUSTRATED.

We have enjoyed the following sketch of the way they do up the pork business in Cincinnati, hugely. We find it in the *Spirit of the Times*. It is a part of a conversation between a respectable old gentleman and a regular Vermont Yankee, who had *traveled*.

Speaking of hogs the Yankee says:

"I swow ten pucker if I haint seen more pork in Cincinnati, than would bust this buildin' clean open."

"You don't tell me so?"

"By gravy, I den though. You haint never been in Cincinnatty?"

"Never."

"Never in a pork house?"

"Never."

"Wall, you've hearn tell of Ohio, I reckon?"

"Oh yes; got a daughter living out there," was the answer.

"You don't say so?"

"I have, in Urbana, or near it," said the old gent.

"Urbanny. Great kingdom, why I know ten man living about there, one's tradin', t'other's keepin' school; may be you know 'em—Sampson Wheeler's one, Jethro Jones' t'other; Jethro is a cousin of mine; his father—no his mother—married, my name is Small—Appogee Small, and I was talkin'—"

"About the hog crop, and Cincinnati pork houses."

"Y e-s-s; wall, I went out west last fall, stopped at Cincinnaty—ten weeks. Dreadful nice place, by gravy; they do business there; beats salvation how they go it on steamboats, bust ten a day, build six."

"Is it possible," says the old gent.—"But the hogs—"

"Den beat all. I went up to the pork houses, fust thing you meet is a string 'bout a mile long, of big and little cruters, greasy and sassy as sin; buckets and bags, full of scalps, tails, ears, shanks and ribs of hogs. Foller up this line, and yeou come to the pork houses, and yeou go in, if they let you, and they did me, so I went in to an almighty large house—big as all out doors, and a feller steps up to me, and says he:

"Yeou're a stranger, I 'spose?"

"Yeou do?" says I.

"Y-e-s-s," says he, "I 'spose so," and I up and said I was.

"Wall," says he, "ef you want to go over to the haouse, we'll send a feller with you."

"So I went with the feller, and he took me away back, daown stairs, nout in a lot, and everlastin' sin! yeou should jist seen the hogs—could'nt count them in three weeks."

"Good gracious!" exclaims the old gent.

"Fact, by gravy! Such squalin', kickin' and goin' on, sech cussin' and hollerin' by the fellows porkin' 'em nout at t'other. Sech a smell of hogs and fat, brissels and hot water. I swan tew pucker, I never did calc'late on afure!

"Wall, as fast as they driv 'em in by droves, the fellers kept a crowden 'em daown towardt the pork house, there two fellers kept a shootin' on 'em daown, and a hull gang of the allfiredest dirty, greasy lookin' fellers nout, stuck 'em, hauled 'em daown, and afore you could say Sam Patch! them hogs were yanked out of the lot—kilt and scraped!"

"Mighty quick work, I guess," says the old gent.

"Quick work! Yeou ought to see 'em. Haow many hogs dew you calc'late them fellers kilt and scraped a day?"

"Couldn't possibly say—hundred I expect."

"Hundred! Gre-a-a-t king! Why I seen 'em kill thirteen hundred in ten hours—did, by golly!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes sir. And a feller with grease enough about him to make a barrel of soft soap said that when they hurried 'em up some, they kilt, scalded and scraped ten thousand hogs in a day; and when they put on steam twenty thousand porkers were kilt off and cut up in a single day."

"I want to know."

"Yes sir. Wall, we went into the house where they scalded the critters as fast as they could bring 'em in. By gravy, it was amazin' how the bristles flew! Before a hog knew what it was about he was bare as a pumpkin, a hook and tackle in his snout, and they sunked him to the next floor. I vow, they kept sunkin' and sunkin' 'em in and up through the scuttle jest in one stream."

"Let us go and see 'em cut the hogs," says the feller.

"Up we goes. About a hundred greasy fellers were hackin' on 'em up. By golly, it was death to particular people the way the grease flew. Two whacks—fore and aft, as uncle Jeems used to say; split the hog; one whack by a greasy feller with an everlastin' chunk of sharpened iron, and the hog was quartered, grabbed and carried off to another block, and then a set of savagerous lookin' chaps layed to and cut and skirted around—hams and shoulders going one way, sides and middlins another way; well, I'm screwed if the hull room didn't 'pear to be full of flyin' pork—in hams, sides, and scraps & greasy fellers—rippin' and tearin'. Down in the other place they were fryin' out the lard—fillin' barrels from a regular river of *fat*, comin' out of the everlastin' biggest biler you ever see, I vow. Now, I asked the feller if sich a hurryin' a hog through a course of sprouts helped the pork any, and he said it didn't make any difference he spected. He said they were not hurryin' then, but if I could come in some day when steam was up, he'd show me quick work in the pork business—knock down, drag out, scrape, cut up, and have the hog in barrel before he got through squealin'."

"Hallo! Say 'Squire—gone?" The old gent was gone; the last brick hit him!

The Ottomans.—A late traveller in Turkey thus describes some of the peculiarities in the manners and customs of the Turks.

"They abhor the hat; but uncovering the head—which with us is an expression of respect—is considered by them as disrespectful and indecent. No offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold. The slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes. They write from right to left. They mount on the right side of the horse. They follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it. The left hand is the place of honor. They do the honors of the table by serving themselves first. They are great smokers and coffee drinkers. They take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect. They beckon by throwing back the hand instead of throwing it towards them. They cut the hair from the head. They remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin. They sleep in their clothes. They look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling. They deem our short and close dresses indecent; our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude. They resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult. They commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in. They eschew pork as an abomination. They regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at and mingled in except by slaves. Lastly, their mourning garb is white; their sacred color green; their Sabbath day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death.

The Incoming Year.—We take the following paragraph from the Victoria (Texas) *Advocate*. It may interest some of our readers:

"The following facts in relation to the year 1854; were pointed out the other day by a clerical friend of ours. The year begins and ends on the Sabbath—there are five months in the year that contain five Sabbaths, and there are fifty-three Sabbaths in the year. Such a coincidence, we believe, will not occur again for twenty-eight years."

That isn't the end of the coincidence. It is a little queer that Christmas of this year, next New Year's day, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, and Washington's birth day for 1854, come on Sunday also.—*Clev. Plaindealer.*

They have got a very benevolent old gentleman in Try. On Christmas he boiled a dishcloth, and gave the broth to the poor.

A MONUMENT TO A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

A scheme has been devised, and a committee appointed at Milwaukie, to carry out the plan for raising a monument to Emanuel Danon, the boy who died *rather than tell a lie.*

The age of heroes is not passed, as is proved in the case of this murdered boy, whose sufferings and death are beyond belief, were they not substantiated by indisputable testimony. The case is this: The boy Danon was left an orphan soon after he came from England. His uncle adopted him, but he soon died, and the boy Emanuel was taken to the poor-house, from which, at the age of six years, he was adopted by a man residing in Marquette county, Wisconsin, with whom he lived two and a half years, and until he was found in the house of his foster-father, *dead*. The man and his wife were arrested for murder, and the following facts are taken from the charge of the Judge who tried the case:

"The defendants—husband and wife—were respectable farming people, residing in Marquette county, and were childless. They had two orphan children bound to them—one a little girl about ten years of age, and the other the boy Emanuel, eight years of age. I have no means of ascertaining anything of the previous history of Emanuel, and only know that he was taken from the Milwaukie poor-house. He was a fragile child, and had never been in robust health.—Those who knew him spoke of him as an intelligent, bright, blue-eyed boy, and very winning in his playful little ways.

It appeared from the testimony of the little girl—who was the sole witness to the torture—that Emanuel was charged with having told a lie. What the lie was, we could not, by either persuasion or by the fear of punishment, induce her to tell. The counsel for the State exhausted their ingenuity in vain; nor could I, after drawing her to me and by soothing words endeavoring to quiet her fears, induce her to tell what the lie was. The child had evidently been intimidated by threats of personal injury. This was afterwards ascertained to be the fact when the trial was over, and her foster-parents safely lodged in prison. She said that Emanuel had by chance discovered the woman in a criminal act, and had told her, and she had told her wicked parents. Hence it became all important to the woman, (who had succeeded in quieting her husband,) that the *lie* should be whipped out of Emanuel. Accordingly the man procured six whips—the toughest kind of swamp-willow—which by his own confession were four feet in length and as large at the butt end as one's little finger, and about nine o'clock at night took Emanuel—who still persisted in telling the truth—to the loft of the cabin, and having stripped him to the shirt, wound that around his neck and tied him up by a cord by both wrists to a rafter, so that his feet but barely touched the floor,

Here he whipped him for two hours, only resisting at intervals to procure a fresh whip, or to demand of his victim that he should own that he had told a lie. The boy's only answer was, "Pa, I did not lie." The girl said that Emanuel *did not cry much*, and it is probable that he fainted during a portion of the time, as the inquiries upon his body showed a torture under which even the physical strength of an adult would have sunk.—The physician who examined the body, testified that there was not a spot, from the arm-pits to the ancles, large enough to place your finger upon, but was covered with livid welts; and in very many places the skin was broken.

And still the brave boy held out! He must have had a sainted mother, for the teachings of none other could have so implanted truth into his every fibre.

Yes—still he held out; and when he was taken down, with the cords cutting deep into his little wrists, and the warm blood trickling from his limbs, and his head upon his murderer's shoulders, his last words were,—"Pa, I am so cold!" and then his pure spirit fled forever, beyond the reach of torture and inhumanity, to that bright world where wrong and oppression can never be known.

He unquestionably died with Truth still in his heart, and was a martyr to it.

The whips were quite worn up, as the splintered fragments were afterwards found. The trial, as you may imagine, was one of deep and painful interest.—There was scarce a dry eye in the court room. The verdict was *manslaughter in the first degree*, and the convicts were sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the State Prison—the extreme penalty of the law."

Such is the history of this young martyr to the truth. It is proposed that each Sunday School scholar in Wisconsin contribute *ten cents* on New Year day "to raise a high testimonial to the moral heroism of one of the noblest martyrs that has ever died for conscience sake." The monument to be of white marble, and about forty feet high, to stand upon a platform twenty feet square, with a bas relief in each panel, one representing the Saviour receiving little children, and another representing Emanuel embracing his murderer, with the exclamation, "Pa, I did not lie," and one a history of Emanuel and the manner of his death. The plinth of the main shaft to be ornamented with the arms of the State of Wisconsin and of England, with an ornate capital, surmounted with a figure symbolical of truth.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Mississippi and Pacific Railway.—Theller's *Daily Ledger*, San Francisco, Aug. 25, contains the proceedings of a large and enthusiastic railway meeting, Aug. 34, toward organizing California for this purpose. It was said that a railway 1800 miles long would bring the Pacific Ocean and Mississippi river together—that several practical routes had been fully explored—that 40million dollars would make a single track through—that the cost of bringing persons from and to the Atlantic States, in 1852, was 22 million dollars—that the time lost by the present mode of travelling would soon construct the road—that Indiana and Illinois are building 3,000 miles of railway, and could not California do half as much?—that through this railway the commerce of India, China, Japan, Australia, would pass to the Atlantic—that Clipper Ships carry freight in 100 days round Cape Horn at $40 per ton, which the railway would do in ten days at $10 — that this road would enable the U. S. Government to concentrate their forces promptly on the Pacific in case of war—that with this road there would be steamer lines to India, China, Australia, &c.,—and that of the distance 800 miles would be through a level valley, well supplied with oak pine.

In Constantinople incendiary placards continue to be circulated. Several caricatures have also appeared against England. In one of these the Emperor of Russia is represented as breaking into Buckinham Palace; Prince Albert rushes out to defend his house and family, but Lord Aberdeen holds him back, declaring the outrage not to be a *causus belli*. The English names of the ships-of-war have also been modified into Turkish by-swords, expressing anything but respect toward the English.

We are by no means disposed to blame the English government for striving to avoid war, but would rejoice in their success. The Turkish power, though puffed up, is ignorant and tyrannical. In the slave holding States of America no slave may testify against a white man. Turkey allows no christian to give evidence on oath in her courts of law—a hundred christians might witness a cruel murder by a Mohometan, but their testimony would be rejected, & the assassin screened. Turkey places her millions of christian subjects on a par with North Carolina negroes. At this moment of danger, Turkey speaks of abandoning this insulting rule, and England pushes on some useful reforms.—*Mackenzie's Message.*

There is an anecdote of Sheridan and a certain baronet, that both being drunk in the street the baronet fell into the gutter. Sheridan having in vain endeavored to get him on his legs again, stammered out—"My dear friend, I cannot help you, but I'll do all I can for you, I'll lie down beside you."

The "Four Great Powers."—Under this title a London paper has this: The bear growls, the eagle soars, the cock crows, the lion—*snores.*

THE BOSPHORUS.

The straits of the Bosphorus, which connect the waters of the Black Sea, at the western extremity of which is situated the city of Constantinople, are seventeen miles in length, and possesses an average breadth of about one and a half miles. They are of considerable depth, and remarkably easy of navigation. A strong current, however, constantly flows from the Black Sea, which, when aided by a northeast wind of long duration, becomes so powerful that a sailing vessel can hardly make headway against it. In the width of its channel, safety of navigation and swiftness of current, it more resembles a noble river than a branch of the ocean.

The harbor of Constantinople, which is properly an arm of the Bosphorus, received at a recent period the appellation of the "Golden Horn," and is one of the most secure and capacious, as well as beautiful ports in the world. It is situated near the western mouth of the straits, about sixteen miles from the Black Sea. The curve which it describes might be compared with propriety to that of an ox's horn; and the term *golden*, was expressive of the riches which every wind wafted from distant countries to its bosom The entrance is about five hundred yards broad, and upon an emergency a strong chain might be drawn across to guard the city against the attack of a hostile navy. About five miles from the Black Sea, two fortresses are constructed—one on either continent, upon the foundation of the celebrated temples of Serapia and Jupiter Urius. These castles form the chief defense of the city against encroachments from the north and east. The old castle, six miles distant from the city, a work of the Greek Emperors, commands the narrowest part of the channel where the strait contracts to a width of but 500 paces. Here it was that Darius, twenty-three hundred years ago, connected the two continents by a bridge of boats.

The scenery of the Bosphorous is said to unrivaled in its peculiar character of beauty. On each side of the straits arise in picturesque confusion from the water's edge, huge cliffs of jasper, agate, porphyry, calcareous spath and cornelians. Such is their *abruptness*, that the belief is generally entertained by the inhabitants of the surrounding country that the two walls of the straits were rent asunder thousands of years ago, by some terrible convulsion of nature. The temples and votive altars, profusely scattered along the banks, attest the fears and devotion of the Greeks who first explored the inhospitable Euxine or Black Sea. Private houses, too, and delightful gardens, lie resting here and there upon the summits of the banks, or clinging to their steep sides, while the mosques and palaces of the great metropolis, its snow white minarets and glancing crescents, resemble more the fanciful conjurations of an eastern fairy tale than a reality of the modern world.

The straits abound in fish, and the sea of Marmora has always been renowned for possessing an inexhaustable supply of the finny tribe, which are taken at the proper seasons, without skill, and almost without labor. The Bosphorous and the Dardanelles—the latter is better known in ancient history as the Hellespont—may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople; and their passage may always be closed by the reigning prince against a naval enemy, or opened to the fleets of commerce. The name Bosphorous is derived from two Greek words, signifying ox and passage. Tradition attributes the origin of the name to the passage of Jupiter across the straits in the form of a white bull, bearing the beautiful Europa, daughter of a Phenician king, upon his back. At the northern entrance of the straits are the Cyanean Isles, which, according to the poets, once floated upon the surface of the water, and were stationed there by the gods to defend the entrance of the Euxine from the prying of profane curiosity.—*Boston Journal.*

The Emperor Nicholas wishes an *erratum* corrected in the next edition of our dictionaries. He begs to say that an Ottoman is *not* a thing upon which you can easily and comfortable place your foot.—*Punch.*

From Mackenzie's (Toronto) Message.

THE AGUE.

The best essay I ever read on Ague was in the *Penny Cyclopedia*. When I lived on Fifteenth Street, four miles above the City Hall, New York, Dr. Robert Nelson gave me the following recipe for the ague, and it cured me.

Sulphate of Quinine 12 grains. Put the powder into a pint of water, and add to it one drachm of dilute sulphuric acid. Take two table spoons full at a time, four of five times a day:

"The Ague, extremely common in some district, is scarcely known in others. It is caused by the exhalation of decomposing vegetable substances and therefore is chiefly witnessed on the borders of marshes and countries imperfectly drained, or occasionally flooded. In its severe from it is a dangerous disease, as in the fevers of the Campagna of Rome, where a failing civilization has suffered marshes to lie undrained.

"In the attack of an ague the patient feels chilly and cold, heavy and sleepy; then s, eedily the cold feeling increases, until it becomes intense; the lipes and cheeks become blue; the skin becomes rough; rings drop off the fingers, which, as the whole body, are shrunk in size; there is shaking and trembling. After a variable time, the coldness diminishes, and is succeded by flushes of heat, which speedily become general; the skin is now as it was before cold; the face is red and swollen; the pulse full, quick, with a degree of hardness; the eyes are dry and red; there is often intense headache and pain in the back. These symptoms, having continued at their acme for some time, gradually lesson, the skin becomes moist, and at length there occurs a universal and plentiful perspiration, which reduces the heat of the skin, and, gradually ceasing, leaves patient free from pain and fever, but languid, inert, incapable of bodily or mental fatigue. Such is simple ague; there are numerous variations.

"An ague has a disposiiton to return at a determinate period; its attack comes on in the morning, and ceases after some hours; but recurs on the following morning at the same hour; then again departs, and again makes it appearance at the same hour; on the third day, an so on. Such a disease occuring daily is called a 'quotidian ague:' if it comes on every other day, it is a 'tertian ague;' and the attack is usually about noon; if it returns every third day, it is a 'quartan ague,' and the attack occures towards evening.

Treatment.—The influence of *Cinchona bark* has been known for a long time. It is usual now to prescribe *its* active principle, *quinine*, united with *sulphuric acid*, forming the salt called *disulphete of qutaine*. The dose of this is from two to eight grains. It should be given between the attacks, in the following form:

"Take of the disulphate of quinine, 2 grans; diluted sulphuric acid, 10 minims (more, if necessary); diluted nitric acid, 5 minims; infusion of roses, 1½ ounces. Make a draught. To be taken every three or four hours.

"The attack of ague may sometimes be arrested by an emetic, as the following, to an adult:

"Take of *powdered ipecacuan* from 15 to 20 grains. Mix with a little water, and take. For a child, ipecacuan wine may be given, or 3 or 4 grains of ipecacuan.

"Sulphate of quinine being an expensive salt, charitable individuals living in aguish districts are anxious to obtain some substitute.

"The active principle of willow bark, 'salicine,' has been used for this purpose. It has very considerable powers.

"Arsenic has a great influence over ague; it forms the chief ingredient in the 'tasteless ague drop,' and is much cheaper than quinine. If given, it should be in the form of the *Liquer arsenicalies, or Fowler's solution*. Its dose is at first four or six drops, if it cause any pain in the stomach it must be discontinued. When neither cinchone bark nor willow bark can be obtained, chamomile flowers, infusion of marsh trefoil buck bean, pepper and rum, and the underground stem of the sweet flag (Acarus calamus) have all been celebrated for curing agues. It is good to take an emetic half an hour before the attack comes on, such as ipecacuanha, 20 grains; or sulphate of zinc, 20 grans. Cascarilla bark has also been employed in agues with advantage."